And ſlay thy Lady, that in thy life lyes,
By doing damned hate vpon thy ſelfe?
Why rayleſt thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three doe meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt looſe.
Fie, fie, thou ſhameſt thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vſurer aboundſt in all:
And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed,
Which ſhould be decke thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy noble ſhape is but a forme of waxe,
Diſgreſſing from the valour of a man.
Thy deare loue ſworne, but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou haſt vowd to cheriſh,
Thy wit, that ornament, to ſhape and loue,
Miſſe-ſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skill-leſſe Souldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy, *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happy.
The Law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of bleſſings lights vpon thy backe,
Happineſſe courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a misbehau'd and ſullen Wench,
Thou powts vpon thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch dye miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till we can find a time
To blaze your Marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thouſand times more ioy

Then

Then thou wentſt forth in lamentation.
Goe before *Nurſe*, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauie ſorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtayd here all the nig
To heare good counſell, oh what Learaing is:
My Lord, Ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Doe ſo, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide,

Nur. Here ſir, a Ring ſhe bids me giue you ſir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it growes very late.

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Goe hence, goodnight, and here ſtands all y
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguis'd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chances here:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Ro. But that a ioy paſt ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeu

Enter old Capulet, *his Wife and* Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, ſhe lou'd her Kinſman *Tibalt* dearely,
And ſo did I. Well we were borne to dye.
'Tis very late, ſhee'l not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would haue beene a bed an houre agoe.

Paris. Theſe times of wo, affoord no times to woe
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night ſhe is mewed vp to her heauineſſe.

Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke ſhe will be rulde.